

# CARMEN.

An Opera in Four Acts.

LIBRETTO

BY

HENRY MEILHAC AND LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

COMPOSED BY

GEORGES BIZET.

ENGLISH ADAPTATION

BY

HENRY HERSEE,

*Author of "Pauline," and of English Adaptations of "Don Pasquale,"  
"The Marriage of Figaro," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor."*

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BOOK OF WORDS.

Authorised Version.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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CARMEN (a Gipsy Girl)	... ..	MADAME SELINA DOLARO.
JOSÈ (a Sergeant of Dragoons)	... ..	SIGNOR LELLI.
ESCAMILLO (a Bull-fighter)	... ..	MR. WALTER BOLTON.
REMENDADO (Dancairo's Lieutenant)	... ..	MR. CHARLES LYALL.
DANCAIRO (Chief of the Smugglers)	... ..	MR. G. H. SNAZELLE.
ZUNIGA	} Dragoon Officers	{ MR. W. E. GREGORY.
MORALES		
LILLAS PASTIA (a Tavern Keeper)	... ..	MR. MULLER.
FRASQUITA	} Gipsy Girls	{ MISS CLARA PERRY.
MERCEDES		
AND		
MICAELA (a Peasant Girl)	... ..	MISS JULIA GAYLORD.

Officers, Soldiers, Smugglers, Bull-fighters, a Guide, Dancing Girls,  
Peasants, &c.

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CONDUCTOR      ...      SIGNOR RANDEGGER.

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Originally produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris, March 3rd, 1875. The Italian adaptation produced for the first time in England at Her Majesty's Opera, June 22nd, 1878. The English adaptation performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, for the first time February 5th, 1879, by the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

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*The whole of the Music of "Carmen," Songs and Pianoforte Arrangements, published by METZLER & Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.*

## PREFACE.

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It is not necessary to expatiate on the merits of the late M. Georges Bizet's "Carmen," an Opera which has obtained greater popularity than has been secured by any other lyric drama since the production of M. Charles Gounod's "Faust." The original libretto, written by MM. Henry Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, is founded on M. Prosper Mérimée's fascinating novel, "Carmen." The outline of the story, and the leading incidents, have been faithfully preserved, and the operatic version presents a succession of interesting scenes, susceptible of varied musical treatment. How well these opportunities have been turned to account by M. Georges Bizet it is needless to say. In the Italian version, produced last year, recitatives were substituted for the original spoken dialogue; in the English version—which is an adaptation rather than a literal translation—the original form of the work is maintained, and spoken dialogue is introduced where necessary.

M. Georges Bizet was born at Paris, October 25th, 1838. His first operatic work, "Docteur Miracle," was produced at the Bouffes Parisiens, in April, 1857, and in that year he gained the "Grand Prix de Rome" at the Paris Conservatoire. His second operatic work, "Vasco di Gama," was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, in 1863; "Les Pêcheurs de Pérles," September 30th, 1863, at the Opéra Comique, Paris; "Djamileh," May 21st, 1872; and "Carmen," his last and greatest work, March 3rd, 1875, exactly three months before his death, which took place June 3rd, 1875. It deprived the world of a composer who was not only a consummate master of his art, but was endowed with the creative genius, the dramatic sentiment, the power of characterisation, and the fertility of melodic invention essential in the composition of lyric works of the highest order. He died while his fame was in the bud. Since then it has blossomed splendidly, and is not likely soon to fade.

H. H.

## ARGUMENT.

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**CARMEN** is a gipsy girl, employed in a cigarette factory at Seville, and is the accomplice of a band of smugglers. Having wounded another factory girl, she is about to be imprisoned; but so fascinates José—the sergeant of dragoons who is ordered to conduct her to the gaol—that he connives at her escape, and is himself imprisoned for his breach of duty. On regaining his liberty, he seeks Carmen at a low posada outside the walls of Seville. Here he quarrels with a rival, his captain (Zuniga), upon whom he draws his sword; and as death would be the penalty of this offence, he is tempted by Carmen to join the band of smugglers. The bull-fighter, Escamillo, who has fallen in love with Carmen, comes to the smugglers' retreat in search of her, and a combat ensues between the rivals. Carmen saves Escamillo from the dagger-thrust of José, who is furious with jealousy, having previously discovered that Carmen's love for him has grown cold. Micaela, a peasant girl, who had once before brought him a loving message from his mother, arrives with the tidings that his mother is at the point of death, and José departs, threatening Carmen with his vengeance if she should prove unfaithful to him. Carmen accompanies Escamillo to a grand bull-fight, and while waiting for him outside the Plaza de Toros, she is met by José, who vainly implores a renewal of her former love for him; and, maddened by jealousy, stabs her to the heart.

# CARMEN.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*A square in Seville. On the right, the door of a cigar factory ; on the left, a military guard-house ; at the back, a bridge. At the rising of the curtain, MORALES and Soldiers are discovered, watching the crowds of people who pass to and fro. Amongst them is MICAELA, who looks anxiously at the Soldiers.*

*Chorus.* See, the square  
Is like a fair !  
High and low  
Come and go ;  
Droll is the sight, a motley show.

*Morales.* To the gate of the busy city,  
Hundreds take their way ;  
Some smoke, some talk, and think they're witty,  
Blithely speeds the day.  
Behold the lovely maiden yonder,  
Perhaps she a lover doth seek ?  
She stops, she fears to approach, seems to ponder ;—

*Chorus.* Encourage, then, the maid to speak.

*Morales.* Whom seek you, fairest maiden ?

*Micaela.* Whom ? I seek a brigadier.

*Morales.* Brigadier ? I'm here !

*Micaela.* No, 'tis not you, sir, whom I seek ; his name is José  
Do you know the name ?

*Morales.* José ? We all know him right well.

*Micaela.* Indeed. He's here, then, of whom I'm speaking ?

*Morales.* He is not in our company, he whom you're seeking.

*Micaela.* Alas ! He is not here ?

*Morales.* No, maiden fairest,

Of beauty rarest,  
 That is quite clear !  
 Yet very soon you may behold him,  
 And in your arms may lovingly fold him.  
 Soon will fresh guards relieve us of our duty,  
 We shall be free to worship wine and beauty.  
 You have still some time to wait,  
 And, the moments to beguile,  
 Stay not here all desolate,  
 But in our guard-house rest awhile.

*Micaela.* With you ?

*Morales.* With us.

*Micaela.* No, no ; many thanks, but I must say No.

*Morales.* Enter freely, nothing fearing,  
 On a soldier's word rely ;  
 And a welcome kind and cheering,  
 Soon shall banish every sigh.

*Micaela.* I doubt you not, yet dare not stay,  
 'Tis better I should haste away ;  
 I will return when fresh guards come on duty,  
 And you depart to worship wine and beauty.

*Morales.* Rest here awhile. Quit us not.

*Micaela.* No, no ! many thanks ; I wish you good-day.

[MICAELA runs off.]

*Morales.* The bird has flown, 'twas wise I own ;  
 What comes next ? A crowd draws nigh,  
 Their laughter ringing loud and high.

*Ochorus* } When the soldiers mount on guard,  
*of Boys.* } We march with them, man for man ;

Trumpets ! ring out our reward !

Plan, plan, rataplan.

Though our country gives no pay,

For our services sublime,

Thus we march on every day,

Left ! right ! keep time ! keep time !

Chests thrown forward, shoulders back,

We with martial ardour thrill ;

Though we have no arms to stack,

We are perfect in our drill.

*Morales (recit.).* A damsel, modest and lovely, a little while ago came here in search of you ; and her dress was blue, her hair golden.

*Josè (aside).* It must be Micaela.

## REPRISE OF BOYS' CHORUS.

*Morales.* Is yon building the factory at which young girls are employed in cigarette making ?

*Jose.* It is, captain ; 'tis there ; a reckless crew are they, whom you shortly will see, thro' yonder gate come swarming.

*Zuniga.* They have youth ; say, have they beauty ?

*Josè.* I cannot say ; they may be fair ; but for them I don't care — I think but of my duty.



*Zuniga.* She whom you care for, friend, I can describe. 'Tis a fair and blue-eyed young maiden, and her name is Micaela ; and her voice with music is laden. You make me no answer? Ha! ha!

*Josè.* Yes, I answer, 'tis true, yes, 'tis true; I adore her! You have seen her, and you shall say, if 'mid the girls who soon will pass this way, there's one whom you would place before her.

*Enter Chorus of Men.*

### CHORUS.

'Tis the mid-day bell, loudly, gaily ringing,  
For the pretty girls we impatient wait.  
Cigarette girls, haste; come forth laughing, singing,  
Listen to our prayers, let each one choose a mate.  
They pretend not to look this way,  
Saucy coquettes!  
And attention they only pay  
To their cigarettes.

*Enter Cigarette Girls from factory.*

### CHORUS OF GIRLS.

See white cloudlets rising, perfume blending  
With ev'ry breeze unto heav'n ascending.  
While we smoke our cigarettes,  
Each girl care forgets, forgets,  
Tranquil joy attending.  
What are the sighs, what are the vows love?  
Only smoke!  
What are the oaths lovers so readily take?  
Only smoke!  
Tenderest words, softly said?  
Only smoke!  
And all the tears, freely shed?  
All smoke—yes, only smoke.

*Men.* But we have not yet seen La Carmencita;  
Here she comes! Behold Carmencita!

*Enter CARMEN.*

Carmen, ev'ryone you see here is your slave;  
Carmen, a compassionate answer we crave.  
Oh tell us what day you our love will repay!

*Carmen.* As I don't know myself, of course I cannot say,  
Perhaps not at all;—to-morrow, maybe?  
Not to-day. 'Twill not be to-day. We shall see!

### LA HABANERA.

Love will like a wild birdling fly,  
Careering whither he may choose;  
Vainly to him for help we cry,  
If 'tis his fancy to refuse.  
He cares little for prayer or threat;  
One speaks,—another mute may be;

'Tis this other I choose, and yet  
 I know not why!—he pleases me.  
 When Love unfurls his wings above thee,  
 For wondrous magic swift prepare!  
 Thou lov'st me not; yet I may love thee?  
 And if I love thee, then beware!

When we think that the bird is caught,  
 He takes his flight, nor heeds our tears;  
 Always absent when he is sought,  
 Expect him not, and he appears.  
 Hov'ring round us by night and day,  
 He comes,—then goes,—returns at last;  
 Try to seize him,—he flies away,  
 Avoid him; he will hold thee fast!

When Love, &c.

*Chorus.* Say, Carmen, will you choose a new lover to-day?  
 Ah tell us how soon you our love will repay!

[*CARMEN takes a flower from her boddice, looks at each of her admirers in turn, quits them, walks up to JOSÈ, and throws the flower in his face. The factory bell sounds for the second time. CARMEN runs into the factory, followed by the other girls, and the crowd depart, singing the refrain of "La Habanera," leaving JOSÈ solus.*

*Josè (recit.).* What a glance! Saucy and audacious! This little flower for a short time made me feel as if I were shot. Yet the perfume is sweet; and the blossom is fair. And the giver—if there really are witches, she's a witch, I have no doubt.

*Enter MICAELA.*

*Micaela.* Josè! (*JOSÈ hides the flower in his vest.*)

*Josè.* Micaela! Ah, what joy!

*Micaela.* It is I; 'tis your fond mother who hath sent me.

DUET.

*Josè.* Speak to me of my mother;—speak to me of my mother!

*Micaela.* A messenger from her, I bring to you, my brother,  
 This kind letter.

*Josè.* From her?

*Micaela.* She also bids me say

She sends this purse to help your scanty pay;

*Josè.* And then?

*Micaela.* And then?

I fear to tell;—

She sent you something else as well,



More precious far than gold ;  
She sent a message too,  
That loving message must be told.

*Josè.* That "something else" she sent by you ?  
Quickly speak !

*Micaela.* Yes, I will give it thee,  
That which she sent by me.  
We had quitted the church, when, pausing on our way,  
She gave me a kiss, and thus to me did say :  
" Micaela, to Seville your steps swiftly bend,  
The journey is not long ; and when you reach its end  
Go seek my darling son, my Josè ;  
Tell him that his mother still fondly  
Thinks of him by night and by day,  
Longs in her arms once more to fold him,  
Pardons his faults, and loves away ;  
And all this, ev'ry word, my darling,  
You will unto Josè repeat.  
Then give to him the kiss I gave you,  
And his heart that pure kiss will greet."

*Josè.* 'Tis a kiss from my mother !

*Micaela.* 'Tis a kiss for her son !  
Josè, that kiss I give, and then my task is done.

*Josè.* My mother I behold ! the village smiles before me !  
Oh visions bright of childhood's days,  
On you enchanted now I gaze.  
You fill my heart with joy ; a blissful spell steals o'er me !

*Micaela.* His mother he beholds, the village smiles before him.  
Oh visions bright of childhood's days,  
While ye enchant his gaze,  
A blissful spell steals o'er him.

*Josè.* Again the village smiles before me !  
On my sweet mother's face I gaze !  
Ye shed a tender magic o'er me,  
Oh visions bright of childhood's days !

*Micaela.* Again the village smiles before him,  
On his sweet mother's angel face he'll gaze ;  
Ye shed a tender magic o'er him,  
Oh visions bright of childhood's happy days !

*Josè.* Rest thee here while I read the letter thou hast brought.

*Micaela.* No, read it at once, at once ! surely you ought ?

*Josè.* Why thus haste away ?

*Micaela.* 'Twill be better  
To leave thee alone with the letter ;  
Yes, read it, I soon will return.

*Josè.* Thou wilt return ?

*Micaela.* I will return.

[Exit MICAELA.]

**Josè.** Have no fear, dear mother, thy son will thee obey ;  
 Micaela I love ; oh, haste thee, happy day,  
 When she my smiling bride shall be !  
 Yon witch's charms are nought to me.

[*Shrieks and tumult in the factory. ZUNIGA and Soldiers enter. Factory girls rush out of the factory, quarrelling and calling for help.*]

**Zuniga.** Whence come those angry shrieks and cries ?

**1st Chorus.** Help us, pray ; haste to give us aid.

'Twas Carmen.

**2nd Chorus.** No, you're quite mistaken.

**1st Chorus.** 'Twas she ; there's not a doubt 'twas **she** ;

**2nd Chorus.** She was the first to come to blows.

### CHORUS.

**2nd Chorus.** Manuelità, she said,  
 (Her notions, señor, are high),  
 She intended soon to buy  
 A donkey in Granada bred.  
 It was then Carmencità  
 Began to banter the lass,  
 Saying, "Do not buy an ass,  
 Buy a broom, my dear, ha, ha !"

**1st Chorus.** Manuelità replied,  
 "When you wish to ride out, grand,  
 'Midst the nobles of the land,  
 My donkey, dear, you shall ride.  
 Fancy ev'ryone's surprise  
 When you ride forth from your door,  
 With your grooms behind, before,  
 Brushing off the nasty flies !"  
 Then at once fighting began,  
 Tearing out hair was their plan.

**Zuniga.** Confound it ; all at once are chattering ;  
 Take you, Josè, two soldiers of the guard,  
 And find out if you can

What has caused all this clattering. [Exit JOSÈ.]

**1st Chorus.** 'Twas Carmencità, 'twas she began the fight.

**2nd Chorus.** No, no ! it was not she (&c. &c.).

**Zuniga.** Take away all these girls from my sight.

[*Soldiers force the populace back.*]

*Enter JOSÈ and Soldiers, from the factory, with CARMEN.*

*Josè.* Captain, it seems two girls had a sharp quarrel, and soon blows follow'd insult, till fierce was the fray. One young woman was wounded.

*Zuniga.* And by whom?

*Josè.* By this Carmen.

*Zuniga.* You hear what he says. Now what have you to say?

*Carmen.* Tra, la, la!

You may cut me, burn me, yet nought will I say,  
But rest mute while the knife and the red flame defying.

*Zuniga.* Pray reserve your song till by-and-by, and reply to my question.

*Carmen.* My secret is mine; and I keep it alway;

There is someone I love, and will love e'en when dying!

*Zuniga.* Since reason with you can't avail; you soon shall sing  
your song in the cell of a gaol.

*[Some of the factory girls break through the line of guards, and rush towards CARMEN. CARMEN tries to strike one of them, but is prevented by JOSÈ. The Soldiers force the crowd entirely off the stage. A Soldier hands a rope to ZUNIGA.]*

*Zuniga.* Confound her! There will be no peace until we have bound her.

*Carmen.* Tra, la, la! (&c.)

*Zuniga.* 'Tis a pity—'tis a great pity! So youthful, so laden with charms! Cursed with a tongue spiteful and witty. Bind with ropes these pretty arms.

*[Exit ZUNIGA and Soldiers.]*

*Carmen.* Whither will you conduct me?

*Josè.* To prison, my poor child.

*Carmen.* Alas, what will become of me? Have pity on me! You are so young, so handsome. (*Josè walks away from her; returns; and walks up and down, continually watched by CARMEN.*) This cord; you have tied it so tight, this cord, that my wrists are almost broken.

*Josè.* If it hurts you, I can untie it. The captain told me to tie your hands, but he did not tell me to—— *[He unties the cord.]*

*Carmen.* Let me escape, and I will give you a piece of Barlachi, a magic stone, that will make every woman fall in love with you!

*Josè (walking away).* We are not here to talk nonsense. You must go to prison. It is the captain's order, and there is no appeal.

*Carmen.* You come from Navarre, do you not?

*Josè.* Yes; from Elizondo.

*Carmen.* And I from Echalar.

*Josè.* From Echalar? 'Tis only four hours' journey from Elizondo.

*Carmen.* Yes; it is there I was born. I was stolen away by gipsies, and brought to Seville. I have been working at the factory to gain enough money to carry me back to Navarre, to my poor dear mother, whose only support I am. I am constantly insulted, and the girls are leagued against me because I tell them that all their Seviglian boobies, with knives in their belts, are not worth one of our Navarrese lads, with his blue boïna and his *maquila*. Comrade, will you not help a poor girl from Navarre?

*Josè.* You come from Navarre, do you?

*Carmen.* Certainly.

*Josè.* Certainly not. There is not a word of truth in what you say. Your eyes, your hair, your mouth, your complexion, all proclaim that you are a gipsy.

*Carmen.* You think me a gipsy?

*Josè.* I am sure of it.

*Carmen (laughing).* I see that I have taken the trouble to tell lies for nothing. Yes, I am a gipsy. But you will none the less do what I ask of you. And why? Because you love me!

*Josè.* I?

*Carmen.* Yes, you love me! it is useless to deny it. I know all the symptoms. Your glances, the tones of your voice, and that flower, which you have kept. Oh! you may throw it away now if you choose; but 'tis too late. It has rested long enough against your heart; the charm has worked!

*Josè (sternly).* Speak to me no more. Do you hear me? I forbid you to speak to me!

*Carmen.* Very good, señor. You forbid me to speak. I will speak no more.

### SEGUIDILLE.

*Carmen.* Close by the ramparts of Seville  
Dwells my good friend, Lillas Pastia.  
I'll dance there the gay Seguidille,  
And quaff the bright Manzanilla.  
Yes, but I must have company;  
True pleasure shared by two must be!  
So, to the merry dance to-night  
My lover bold shall come with me.  
My lover bold? ah! what vexation!  
I quarrelled with him yesterday.  
My widow'd heart needs consolation,

And craves for love without delay.  
 Full many for my love are dying,  
 But none of them for me will do;  
 And yet, alas! for love I'm sighing,  
 Will you love *me*? I will love *you*!  
 Who wants a heart? Mine may be taken!  
 —Now is the time,—ready am I;  
 Let the thrilling of love awaken,  
 Take my hand, and away we'll fly!

*Josè.* Be still; have I not told you, you must not speak to me?

*Carmen.* I do not speak to you.  
 Although I sing 'tis true.  
 I am thinking; I think aloud, but thought is free;  
 It is of a soldier I think, who loves me, and whom I love,  
 My lover he shall be.  
 He's not a colonel, nor captain is he,  
 Not e'en lieutenant is he; a sergeant he is styled.  
 But that is enough for a gipsy like me;  
 On this sergeant at last I've smiled.

*Josè.* Carmen, 'neath thy spells I am thrilling;  
 If to love thee I should be willing,  
 Wilt thou promise to love me too?  
 If I love thee, Carmen, wilt thou be true?

*Carmen.* Yes!

*Josè.* Then—at Lillas Pastia's?

*Carmen.* "Close by the ramparts of Seville," &c.

*Josè.* Thou wilt be true?

*Enter ZUNIGA.*

*Zuniga.* Take this order, it is late.

Haste with her to the prison gate.

*Carmen* (*aside to Josè*). On the way I'll give you a push,  
 With all the strength I can;  
 You must seem to fall down,  
 And then? I have my plan.

*Carmen and Chorus.* When Love unfurls his wings above thee,  
 For wondrous magic swift prepare!  
 Thou lov'st me not; yet I may love thee?  
 And if I love thee, then beware!

[*Josè conducts CARMEN to the bridge. They are accompanied by a crowd of people. When half-way up the steps of the bridge, CARMEN gives Josè a push. He pretends to fall, and CARMEN, assisted by the populace, makes her escape.*



## ACT II.

**SCENE.**—*The tavern of Lillas Pastia. CARMEN, MERCEDES, FRASQUITA, ZUNIGA, MORALES, and an officer discovered seated at tables, smoking cigarettes, and drinking. Gipsy girls are dancing. ZUNIGA is whispering to CARMEN, who pays no attention to him. Suddenly she starts up and begins to sing:*

## GIPSY SONG AND CHORUS.

*Carmen and Chorus.* The zithers tinkled music sweet,  
 A wild Bohemian love song trilling ;  
 And swiftly, with emotion thrilling,  
 Each gipsy girl sprang to her feet.  
 Their tambourines they shook again ;  
 Guitars, the worse for being cracked,  
 By nimble fingers were attacked ;  
 The same old song, the same refrain !

Tra, la, la !

Bright silver rings of fashion rare  
 Upon their nut-brown arms were shining,  
 Striped scarves and handkerchiefs confining  
 Their glossy locks of raven hair.  
 And soon they danced with right good will,  
 At first, 'twas timid—quiet—slow,  
 But soon they faster, faster go ;  
 Then faster, faster, faster still.

Tra, la, la !



'The gipsy chiefs took up the tune ;  
 Their song—all glowing with emotion—  
 Of ardent love, and self-devotion,  
 The gipsy girls enchanted soon !  
 The tender magic of the strain,  
 Bewitched them with its fascination,  
 Filling each breast with palpitation,  
 Bidding passion o'er them reign.  
 Tra, la, la !

*Frasquita.* Señor Pastia declares.

*Zuniga.* What now has he to say, Señor Pastia ?

*Frasquita.* He says that the Corregidor bids him to shut up the tavern.

*Zuniga.* Well, well, we will depart. But you will come with us ?

*Frasquita.* No, no, we must stay here.

*Zuniga.* And thou, Carmen, wilt thou not come ? Now listen—two words in your ear. You dislike me.

*Carmen.* I dislike you ? And why ?

*Zuniga.* That young soldier for thee imprisoned two months back.

*Carmen.* It is true, he suffer'd for me.

*Zuniga.* His captivity is ended.

*Carmen.* He is free—then all's well ! Good-night, dear friends, good-night, good-night !

*Frasquita* }  
*and* } Good friends, good-night, &c.  
*Mercedes.* }

### CHORUS (*outside*).

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the Torerò !  
 Hurrah for brave Escamillò !

*Zuniga.* A torchlight procession behold. Hero of all the bull-fights of Granada. You must drink with us bumpers, gallant Espada, to all your triumphs past—to triumphs yet untold !

*Enter ESCAMILLO.*

*Escamillo.* Sirs, your toast a courteous answer claiming,  
 I lift my glass to soldiers gay and bold !  
 Toreros, like you, with courage flaming,  
 Thrill with joy when they combats behold.  
 See the circus, thronged with crowds of people !  
 The seats are filled, above, below ;  
 Bells rings out from every steeple,  
 All the world has come to the show.  
 Hark what shouting ! what frenzied voices,  
 When the bull flies out with angry roar !  
 Ah ! 'tis then the Toreador rejoices !  
 Sure of honour when the fight is o'er.

## ARIA.

Toreador, now guard thee !  
 Bear thou in mind, when combat thee elates,  
 Bright eyes fondly regard thee,  
 For thee a fond heart waits.

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Suddenly, there comes a silence ;  
 Ah ! what has happened now ?  
 All hearts are beating high.  
 'Tis a mighty bull comes rushing out of the Toril ;  
 See, he flies ! his foe he reaches ! Down goes a gallant  
 horse !  
 With him goes a Picador : " Ah, bravo ! Toro !" shriek  
 out the people ;  
 On goes the bull, now here, now there, raging he flies,  
 And maddened by the banderillas  
 In frenzy wild he fights !  
 The circus streams with gore.  
 Many, see, for safety climb the fences.  
 Now then, Toreador, 'tis time—prepare ! Beware !  
 " Toreador, now guard thee ! " &c.

*Enter LILLAS PASTIA.*

*Pastia.* Señors, I entreat of you——

*Zuniga.* We are going; we are going.

[*The officers prepare to depart. ESCAMILLO approaches CARMEN.*]

*Escamillo (to CARMEN aside).* Tell me thy name, fair one, that I may breathe it in the hour of danger.

*Carmen.* Carmen, or La Carmencita, whichever you please.

*Escamillo.* Well, then, Carmen, or La Carmencita, tell me: if I were to love thee, and ask to be loved by thee, what would be thy reply?

*Carmen.* I should reply that you are at liberty to love me if you choose; but as for being loved by me, just now that is out of the question.

*Escamillo.* Ah!

*Carmen.* 'Tis so.

*Escamillo.* Then I will wait; I will content myself with hoping.

*Carmen.* Waiting is not forbidden, and hoping is an agreeable pastime.

*Morales (to FRASQUITA and MERCEDES).* Then you positively will not come with us?

*Frasquita and Mercedes (to whom PASTIA makes signs).* No! No!

*Morales (to ZUNIGA).* An unsuccessful campaign, captain!

*Zuniga.* Bah! the battle is not yet over. (*Aside to CARMEN.*) Listen to me, Carmen. Since you will not join us, an hour hence I shall return.

*Carmen.* I recommend you not to return.

*Zuniga.* I shall do so, nevertheless.

## REPRISE OF CHORUS.

“Toreador, now guard thee!”

[*Exeunt all but CARMEN, FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, and PASTIA.*]

*Frasquita (to PASTIA).* Why were you so anxious to get rid of them? and why did you make signs to us not to accompany them?

*Pastia.* Dancairo and Remendado have just arrived, and they wish to speak with you on urgent business. (*Opens side-door and beckons.*) Here they are.

*Enter DANCAIRO and REMENDADO. LILLAS PASTIA fastens front door and shutters.* *[Exit PASTIA.]*

*Frasquita.* What news?

*Dancairo.* Not bad, by any means. We have just arrived from Gibraltar, where we——

*Remendado.* A beautiful place, Gibraltar, but rather steep for walking exercise. Full of Englishmen. Fine men—the English; rather reserved, but—what distinguished manners!

*Dancairo.* Remendado!

*Remendado.* Master?

*Dancairo (handling his knife).* You comprehend?

*Remendado.* Perfectly, master.

*Dancairo.* Then hold your tongue. We have just arrived from Gibraltar, where we arranged with the captain of a ship, who will land our cargo of English goods at the old spot. We shall wait their arrival on the coast; and after we have hidden a portion in the mountains, we shall try to smuggle the remainder into the city. All our comrades have been summoned, and they are here, concealed. But it is you of whom we have most need, and you will depart with us.

*Carmen (laughing).* To do what? To help you carry the bales?

*Remendado (much shocked).* Oh no, no! To ask young ladies to carry bales would hardly show distinguished manners.

*Dancairo (menacingly).* Remendado!

*Remendado.* Yes, master.

*Dancairo (to CARMEN).* We shall not ask you to carry any bales. We have need of you girls for more important work.

### QUINTETT.

*Remendado.* All's prepared; our plans are quite clear.

*Frasq. and Merc.* But are you sure they will succeed?

*Dancairo.* They are admirable, my dear,

But, for success, your aid we need.

*Rem. and Danc.* Yes, for your aid we humbly pray,

And most respectfully we say,

—When there is cheating to be done,

One thing is clear, clear as the sun—

Women can always give good aid,

Women are cheats; born to the trade;

And without them, mesdemoiselles,

'Tis certain things do not go well.

*C. F. and M.* Without us things do not go well?

*Rem. and Danc.* And say, do you not think so too?

*C. F. and M.* Oh yes, we all agree with you.

*Dancairo.* Then you will come along with us?

*Frasquita.* Whene'er you like. *Mercedes.*—At break of day?

*Dancairo.* We start at once. *Carmen.*—One moment, pray.

You may go, if you like; I stay.

Though 'tis an excursion delightful,

Here I remain.

*Rem. and Danc.* Carmen, my love, do not refuse.

Loss of thine aid would be too frightful,

For half our chances we should lose.

*Carmen.* Here I remain.

*Rem. and Danc.* But at least thou'lt explain this whim of thine?

*Carmen.* The reason I will soon explain—

The reason is that once again

I have fallen in love.

*Rem. and Danc.* What does she say?

*Frasq. and Merc.* She says that she has fallen in love.

*Dancairo.* Fallen in love! Oh, come, no joking, Carmen, my dove.

*Carmen.* Over head and ears in love.

*Rem. and Danc.* We are surprised, we all must own;

But canst thou not find some pretext

Thy lover's coming to postpone?

Duty comes first, love should come next.

*Carmen.* My friends, it is in vain you tease.

I'm very sorry you are vex;

But really, this time, if you please,

Love stands first, and duty next.

*Dancairo.* This cannot be thy fixed resolve?

I scarcely can believe the words I hear.

*Carmen.* Yes, 'tis indeed.

*Frasq. and Merc.* Ah, come with us, Carmen! come with us, dear;

We need thine aid.

*Carmen.* Oh, as for that, I quite agree with you, that

"When there is cheating to be done," &c.

*Dancairo (to CARMEN).* Enough of this. I have said thou must come, and come thou shalt. I am chief of the band.

*Carmen.* What didst thou say?

*Dancairo.* I say that I am the chief——

*Carmen.* And dost thou think I shall obey thee?

*Dancairo (furious).* Carmen!

*Carmen (calmly).* Well?

*Remendado (throwing himself between them).* Let me beg of you! Two persons of such distinguished manners! Two——

*Dancairo (giving him a kick).* Take that.

*Remendado (with much dignity).* Master!

*Dancairo.* Well, what is it?

*Remendado (humbly).* Nothing, master.

*Dancairo (to CARMEN).* In love, indeed! That is not a reason.

*Remendado.* Certainly not. I also am in love. Ah! But that does not hinder me from making myself useful, as well as ornamental.



*Carmen.* Depart without me. I will rejoin you to-morrow; but to-night I stay here.

*Frasquita.* I have never before seen thee like this. Whom dost thou expect?

*Carmen.* A poor devil of a soldier, who has rendered me a service.

*Mercedes.* The soldier who was imprisoned for thy sake?

*Carmen.* Yes.

*Remendado.* Ah! Hum! 'Tis a delicate matter!

*Frasquita.* And to whom, a fortnight back, the gaoler gave—from thee—a loaf in which a file and a gold piece were hidden?

*Carmen (approaching window).* Yes.

*Dancairo.* Did he make use of the file?

*Carmen (half opening the shutters).* No.

*Dancairo.* 'Tis plain thy soldier was afraid he would be more roughly punished for a second offence. He will fear to venture here to-night. Open the shutters if thou wilt—I bet he will not come here.

*Carmen.* Do not bet, or thou wouldst lose.

[*The voice of JOSÈ is heard, in the distance.*]

#### SONG.—JOSÈ.

“Who goes there? who goes there?”

“Dragoon of Alcalà.”

“What brings thee here, declare,

Dragoon of Alcalà?”

“I ride forth to-night;

For, at morn's first light,

A rival I must fight.”

“If this brings thee here,

Pass, friend—have no fear.

Honour we all prize,

With thee we sympathise,

Dragoon of Alcalà.”

*Mercedes (at window).* It is a dragoon!

*Frasquita.* And what a handsome dragoon!

*Dancairo (to CARMEN).* Well; since thou wilt not join us until to-morrow, there is one thing thou shouldst do.

*Carmen.* What should I do?

*Dancairo.* Persuade thy dragoon to come with thee, and to join our band!

*Carmen.* Ah! If it could be done! But 'tis useless to think of it; he is too great a simpleton.

*Dancairo.* Why then dost thou love him?

*Carmen.* Because—he is handsome; and because—he pleases me.

*Remendado (conceitedly).* The master does not understand, of course, that handsome men are sure to captivate the women, poor things! The master——



*Dancairo* (to REMENDADO). Wait a moment! Only wait one moment!

[*Exit* REMENDADO, precipitately, pursued by DANCAIRO, whom FRASQUITA and MERCEDES endeavour to pacify. *Exeunt* all but CARMEN. While JOSÈ sings the second verse of his song, CARMEN opens the door.

JOSÈ (without.)

"Who goes there? who goes there?"

"Dragoon of Alcalà.

To yon valley fair;

Fondly waits me there

A maid of beauty rare."

"If this brings thee here,  
Pass, friend—have no fear.

Seek her loving eyes;

With thee we sympathise,  
Dragoon of Alcalà."

*Enter* JOSÈ.

*Carmen*. At last! (*She fastens the front door.*)

*Josè*. It is only two hours since I left the prison.

*Carmen*. What hindered thee from escaping sooner? I sent thee a file, and a gold piece. With the file, the prison bars might have been cut; with the gold a disguise might have been bought.

*Josè*. 'Tis true, but, the honour of a soldier? To desert would be a shameful crime. Oh, I am none the less grateful to thee! The file will serve to sharpen my lance; and I keep it in memory of thee. (*Gives her the gold piece.*) As for the money——

*Carmen*. I declare he hasn't spent it! How lucky! (*Calling.*) *Hola! Lillas Pastia! Hola! (To JOSÈ.)* We will spend it all. 'Tis thy treat. *Hola!*

*Enter* LILLAS PASTIA.

*Pastia*. Hush! Pray be careful.

*Carmen* (*throwing the coin to him*). Take it, and bring us fruit, bon-bons, Manzanilla—everything thou hast in the house!

*Pastia*. Directly, señora.

[*Exit.*

*Carmen*. Thou art vexed at having passed a month in prison for my sake?

*Josè*. Quite the reverse.

*Carmen*. Really and truly?

*Josè*. For thy sake I would go to prison for half a lifetime.

*Carmen*. Because thou lovest me?

*Josè*. Yes; because I love thee—I adore thee!

*Carmen* (*placing her two hands in his*). I pay my debts. 'Tis a law amongst us gipsies. I pay my debts.

*Enter PASTIA, with wine, &c.*

**Carmen.** Put it all down here. Make haste. (*PASTIA lets some of the fruits, &c., fall to the ground.*) Never mind! We will pick them up. Away at once! Away! (*Exit PASTIA.*) Now, sit down there, and let us enjoy our supper.

[*She sits on one side of the table; JOSÈ on the other.*]

**Josè.** What an appetite for bon-bons thou hast!

**Carmen.** I am so fond of them.—Thy captain was here just now, with some other officers. They made us dance the Romali.

**Josè.** Thou didst not dance?

**Carmen.** Yes, and when the dance was over, thy captain took the liberty to tell me that he adored me.

**Josè.** Carmen!

**Carmen.** What is the matter? May I die if thou art not jealous!

**Josè.** Jealous? Of course I am; jealous as——

**Carmen.** Bravo! Bravo, Canary! Canary in costume, canary in character! Now, don't be cross. Why art thou jealous? Because I danced to please thy officers? Well; if 'tis thy wish, I will dance to please thee—thee alone.

**Josè.** If 'tis my wish? Ah, Carmen!

**Carmen.** Where are my castanets? What can I have done with them? Thou hast them—my castanets!

**Josè.** No, indeed.

**Carmen.** Yes, yes, I am sure thou hast them. Ah! Bah! Here are castanets. (*Breaks a plate, and clinks two of the fragments together.*) Ah! they are not half so good as my castanets. Where can they be?

**Josè** (*finding them under the table*). Here they are.

**Carmen.** Ah, traitor! They who hide can find. I was sure thou hadst them.

**Josè.** Ah! How I love thee, Carmen! How I love thee!

**Carmen.** I hope so, believe me.

#### DUET.

Now I will dance but to please *thee*,

As thou, señor, shalt see.

Th' accompaniment is all of my own invention.

Now sit down here, dear Josè. Attention!

La, la, la, la!

[*Sings and dances.*]

**Josè.** One moment stop, Carmen! one moment cease thy singing.

**Carmen.** And pray why, may I ask?

**Josè.**

I am summoned, I fear.

Yes, out there the "retreat" in trumpet tones is ringing;  
The music thou canst hear.

**Carmen.** Bravo, bravo! There's no denying  
To dance without a band is always trying.

This military music at the right moment comes.

Tra la la (&c.).

*Josè.* Carmen, 'tis the retreat. I must from thee be flying.

Too soon will sound for roll-call the pitiless drums.

*Carmen.* The roll-call, and the drums? This is too mortifying!  
Regardless of fatigue, around the room I pranced,  
And, all to please monsieur, I gaily sang and danced.  
I think, Heav'n forgive me, that my love for him  
increased.

"Ta, ta, ta, ra!"

The trumpet calls; and off he flies, like a guest to a feast.

Here, take thy shako, thy knapsack, and thy sabre.

Hasten, my lad; make haste in thy barrack to labour.

*Josè.* Ah! Cruel 'tis to mock my sordid state!  
With aching heart I go; for since I gazed on thee,  
My soul has been entranced, and all I ask of fate  
Is to behold, Carmen, thy love bestowed on me.

*Carmen* (*mocking him*). "Oh Heaven! 'tis the retreat—  
The midnight drum will beat!  
Gracious Heaven! I shall be late;  
They will fasten the gate!"

In frantic haste he flies—soon his love has grown cold.

*Josè.* Dost thou, then, doubt the love my lips have told?

*Carmen.* I do.

*Josè.* Thou dost? Then listen to me.

*Carmen.* I will not listen to thee. Surely late thou wilt be?

*Josè.* Thou shalt hear me, thou must hear what I have to say.

See here thy flow'ret! treasured well,

Its odour cheered my prison cell;

Though withered, dead, the cherished flower

Its perfume kept, its magic power.

Next my heart it softly reposed;

And how oft, with eyelids half closed,

I drank its perfume with delight,

And saw thy smiles illumine the night!

Sometimes I cursed the hour I met thee,

And tried, all vainly, to forget thee;

Sometimes I asked, in senseless wrath,

"Why did fate bring her in my path?"

Then, my curse recalling with shame,

Fondly, tenderly, breathed thy name;

And felt 'twould be a rich reward for all my pain,

Thee to behold, Carmen, once, once again.

For could I see thee stand before me—

Thy bright eyes smiling tenderly,

Soon would ecstatic bliss steal o'er me,

My life, my soul be giv'n to thee.

*Carmen.* No, no! thou dost not love me. No! for didst thou  
love me, thou wouldst my companion be.

—Over the hills and through the glades,

Thou wouldst my true companion be;

I should thy saddle share with thee.

Soon would we reach the forest's leafy shades,  
 Ah, how happy we then should be!  
 Superiors there thou'lt not meet,  
 None to command, no officers there to obey;  
 And never is heard the "retreat,"  
 Warning the lover he from his love must away.  
 Oh, the delight beyond all telling,  
 Freely to roam,  
 The world our home;  
 Gaily to pass o'er land and sea,  
 And enjoy, all else excelling,  
 Sweet liberty! sweet liberty!

*Josè.* Alas! have pity on me, pray, Carmen. Ah! too long I've listened to thee; to quit the dear colours, to desert, would be shame and infamy. Tempt me no more.

*Carmen.* Well, then, go! I love thee no more.

Go, take my hate; adieu, adieu for evermore.

Away!

*Josè.* So be it, then. Adieu for evermore.

#### FINALE.

*Zuniga (without).* Hola! Carmen; hola!

*Josè.* Who knocks? Who comes there?

*Carmen.* Be still, be still.

*Zuniga.* Thus do I open closed doors! (*Bursts the door open.*)

Oh, fie! fie! my darling, thy choice displays bad taste.

'Tis loss of dignity; the common soldier to his captain preferred? (*To Josè.*) Be off, and quickly.

*Josè.* No.

*Zuniga.* What now? Start off at once!

*Josè.* I don't intend to go.

*Zuniga.* Rascal! (*Draws his sword.*)

*Josè (draws his sword).* Come on; let's see who best can thrust.

*Carmen.* Confound the jealous fools. Help! Help!

[DANCAIRO, REMENDADO, Gipsies, Smugglers, &c.,  
 rush in and seize ZUNIGA.]

*Carmen (to ZUNIGA).* Sir officer, sweet officer, I fear  
 That love and jealousy this time will cost you dear.

You happen to arrive at an unlucky hour,

And we must keep you captive till we know

Our friends are all quite safe, no longer in your pow'r.

*Rem. and Danc. (showing pistols).* My dear señor, we're just  
 about to say good-bye to Lillas Pastia. You'll come along with  
 us: do you consent?

*Carmen.* A walk will do you good.

*Rem. and Danc.* Do you consent? Now, comrade, what do  
 you say?

*Zuniga.* Certainly, sirs. It would be useless to contend against the potent arguments that you employ; but have a care, my turn will come.

*Dancairo.* We all take our chances.

Now then, brave captain, we must away;

Pass on, pass on, without further delay.

*Carmen (to José).* With us art thou ready to fly?

*Don José.* Nought else remains.

*Carmen.* A flattering reply.

Soon thou wilt be

Happy and free.

*Carmen and Chorus.* Oh the delight, beyond all telling,

Freely to roam,

The world our home;

Gaily to pass o'er land and sea,

And enjoy, all else excelling,

Sweet liberty, sweet liberty!

Away to the mountains, away;

Share in our life, careless and gay!

### ACT III.

**SCENE.**—*A rocky retreat in the mountains. Smugglers and Gipsies arrive, bearing packages, and accompanied by CARMEN, JOSÉ, DANCAIRO, REMENDADO, FRASQUITA, and MERCEDES.*

#### CHORUS AND SESTETT.

Comrades, ere matin bells are pealing,

Fortune yonder we shall make;

But be watchful while onward stealing,

Beware lest you a false step take.

Great are our gains, we form a stanch united band,

Brave hearts that scorn to say "We dare not;"

Though dangers lurk above, below, on ev'ry hand,

Come when and where they may we care not.

On we go, straight ahead, though the torrent may rage,

Never heeding the tempest when fiercely 'tis howling,

Never heeding the guards who, impatient to wage

Bitter war on our band, in dark ambush are scowling.

Onward, onward we go, &c.

*Dancairo.* Halt! We must stay here awhile. Those who are sleepy may sleep for half an hour.

*Remendado (much gratified, stretching himself on the ground).* Ah!

*Dancairo.* I am going forward, to see if we can smuggle our goods into the city to-night. There is a breach in the wall, but a sentinel is posted there.



*Josè.* Lillas Pastia told us that this sentinel was one of his friends.

*Dancairo.* But Lillas Pastia may be mistaken, and the friendly sentinel may have been changed. I wish to make sure. *Remendado!*

*Remendado* (*waking up*). Eh?

*Dancairo.* Up with you, and come with me.

*Remendado.* But—master—

*Dancairo* (*angrily*). What now?

*Remendado* (*rising slowly*). I'm ready, master.

*Dancairo.* Go on before me.

*Remendado* (*aside, yawning*). And I, who dreamed that I was about to get forty winks—perhaps fifty! It was a dream! Alas! it was a dream! [*Exit, followed by DANCAIRO.*]

*Josè.* Carmen, if of late I have spoken to thee too sharply, forgive me, and let us make peace.

*Carmen.* No.

*Josè.* Thou hast ceased to love me, then?

*Carmen.* It is certain that I love thee less than formerly; and if thou shouldst continue to speak to me in the same style, I shall soon cease to love thee at all. I do not choose to be tormented, nor, above all, dictated to. I will be free, and will do just as I please.

*Josè.* Art thou the devil, Carmen?

*Carmen.* Yes.—At what art thou gazing?

*Josè.* I was thinking to myself that out yonder, some seven or eight leagues away, there is a village, and in that village a good old woman who believes me to be still honest. She is deceived, alas!

*Carmen.* A good old woman?

*Josè.* Yes; my mother.

*Carmen.* Thy mother? Well, then, the best thing for thee to do is to return to her at once. A smuggler's life will never suit thee.

*Josè.* Carmen—

*Carmen.* Besides, 'tis a life of peril for those who, like thee, refuse to hide when bullets are flying. Thou knowest how many of our foolhardy comrades have paid for their hardihood with their lives, and thy turn will come!

*Josè.* And so will thine, if thou darest again to bid me separate from thee! Obey me, or—

*Carmen.* Thou wilt kill me, perhaps? (*Josè folds his arms.*) Ah, well! the cards have often told me that we shall end our careers together. (*Clinking her castanets.*) Bah! what care I? Come what come may!

*Josè.* Thou must be the devil, Carmen!

*Carmen.* Yes; have I not told thee so before?

[*CARMEN turns her back on JOSÈ, and seats herself near FRASQUITA and MERCEDES, who are telling their fortunes with cards.*]



## TRIO.

*Frasquita and Mercedes.* Shuffle, cut them—good ! that's all fair.

Three cards put down here, four down there.

Now, pretty cards, we've placed you duly,

Our future fate come tell us truly—

Say who to us will traitors prove ?

*Frasquita.* I a youthful lover behold ;

He fervently, madly adores me.

*Mercedes.* Well, mine's very rich, very old,

And with offers of marriage he bores me.

*Frasquita.* On his horse behind him I ride,

And off to the mountains he bears me.

*Mercedes.* A castle, resplendent with pride,

My elderly lover prepares me.

*Frasquita.* Love's delights, unsullied by care,

Every day illum'd by new pleasures !

*Mercedes.* Of gold I've enough and to spare ;

Diamonds bright, fabulous treasures !

*Frasquita.* My lover becomes a great chief,

And armies acknowledge his merit.

*Mercedes.* And mine, really, what a relief,

He dies, and his wealth I inherit !

*Mercedes.* Bright gold—

*Frasquita.* Fond mate !

*Carmen.* Let me read my fate. (*Cuts the cards.*)

Diamonds ?—spades ?—'tis death ! Yes, 'tis so. First I ;

Afterwards he—both of us doom'd to die !

## ARIA.

In vain we seek to shun the answers that we fear ;

We mix the cards in vain.

'Tis useless, for the cards are unto us sincere,

And tell the truth again.

If in the Book of Fate thy page is shining bright,

Then read them without fear ;

The cards beneath thy fingers prophesy delight,

Thy joys are ever near.

But if thou soon must die, if *that* word, full of woe,

Be written as thy doom,

A score times re-commence, the cards no pity show,

But still repeat, " The Tomb ! "

Once more ? once more ? (*Cuts the cards.*)

All hope is o'er !

*Enter DANCAIRO and REMENDADO.*

*Carmen.* Well ?

*Dancairo.* It was lucky I did not rely on what Lillas Pastia had said. His friend was not there ; and instead of him, we found three custom-house guards on duty near the breach.

*Carmen.* Do you know their names?

*Remendado.* Know their names? Of course; who should know them, if we did not? A smuggler is bound to know all about the birth, parentage, education, and moral principles of every custom-house officer in the land. The three guards are Eusebio, Perez, and Bartolomeo.

*Frasquita.* Eusebio!

*Mercedes.* Perez!

*Carmen.* And Bartolomeo! **Have no fear, Dancairo; we will answer for the guards.**

*Josè (furious).* Carmen!

*Dancairo (to JOSÈ).* Have the kindness not to let your everlasting jealousy interfere with business. Daybreak is nigh, and we have no time to lose. Now then, my children! (*The Smugglers take up their packages.*) As for you (*to JOSÈ*), I confide to you the care of the goods we leave behind. Take your gun, and place yourself on yonder rock. From thence you will be able to see if any spies are about; and if any intruder should present himself, I authorise you to make an end of him? Are all of you ready?

*Remendado.* Yes, master.

*Dancairo.* Then let us start. (*To the three girls.*) **But are you sure that you can answer for the three guards?**

*Carmen.* Have no fear, Dancairo.

### QUINTETT.

As for the guards, 'tis our affair!  
 Ever they seek to please the fair,  
 And always to us they are gallant.  
 Let us go first, that's all we want;  
 They love to please, whate'er we ask they'll grant;  
 They will be unmistakably gallant.  
 Not to a fight we onward haste,  
 This is what we simply shall do—  
 Let each arm steal around a waist,  
 Make them believe our love is true.  
 If they should then ask for a smile,  
 What would you have? We'll smiles bestow,  
 And while the guards we thus beguile,  
 Over the frontier safely you'll go.

[*Exeunt all but JOSÈ, who seats himself, gun in hand, on a rock at the back of the stage.*]

*Enter MICAELA, conducted by a guide, who quits her hastily.*

### RECITATIVE AND ARIA.—MICAELA.

*Micaela.* This is then the haunt where the smugglers take refuge. He's here, no doubt—soon shall I see him; the task his mother unto me confided, without trembling I will fulfil.

## ARIA.

I said nought should frighten me here,  
 But in vain I strive to keep my heart light;  
 For though I seek to banish fear,  
 Alas! I quake with fright.  
 Here, in this wild place alone,  
 If I tremble with fear, my fears may be forgiv'n;  
 Grant me a courage not mine own,  
 Kindly protect me, gracious Heav'n!  
 I shall soon that woman behold  
 Who lured Josè to evil ways,  
 And has wrecked the heart, purer than gold,  
 Of him I lov'd in bygone days.  
 She is dangerous—she is fair,  
 But of her I'll not be afraid;  
 My mission I'll boldly declare,  
 Kind Heaven will grant its mighty aid.

No, I am not deceived; 'tis he! on yonder rock! 'Tis I, Josè! I dare not yet approach! What is't he does? He takes aim, he fires! (*Report of gun heard.*) Ah, I presumed too much on my courage. Alas! [Exit.

*Enter ESCAMILLO with his hat in his hand.*

*Escamillo.* Just an inch lower, and I should have been shot.

*Josè.* Give your name, and at once!

*Escamillo.* Gently, my young friend.

## DUET.

My name is Escamillo, Torero of Granada.

*Josè.* Escamillo? *Escamillo.*—'Tis I! *Josè.*—Well I know you by name,

I am glad to see you here; and freely, great Espada,  
 You are welcome here to stay.

*Escamillo.* With that intent I came.

Just now I am in love, almost to madness;  
 And he would be of course a feeble wretch, that's clear,  
 Who would not for his mistress risk his life with  
 gladness.

*Josè.* She whom madly you love, is she here?

*Escamillo.* She is here,

A lovely gipsy girl, my friend.

*Josè.* And she is called?

*Escamillo.* Carmen.

*Josè.* Carmen?

*Escamillo.* Carmen—yes, my friend.

She chose, some months ago, a lover new to take—

A soldier who, 'tis said, deserted for her sake.

Their love burned fiercely, but very soon 'twas past;

The amours of Carmen will seldom six months last.

*Josè.* And you love her?

*Escamillo.*

I love her.

*Josè.*

You love her, you say?

*Escamillo.* My friend, I love her to distraction.

*Josè.* But they who come here, our girls to take away,

Are made to pay us satisfaction.

*Escamillo.* Good! And the payment? Well, what's to pay?

*Josè.* The payment must be made with knives, in deadly fray!

*Escamillo.* A fight, hand to hand?

*Josè.* You understand.

*Escamillo.* Your expressions are neat.

So the dragoon, the soldier she adores,

Or rather once adored, it is you?

*Josè.* Yes, it is I.

*Escamillo.* Of course, though strange 'tis true.

I'm really charm'd, my friend, for the drama's complete.

### DUET.

*Escamillo.*

What strange misadventure!

—Laughable I fear;

I'm seeking my mistress,

And find my rival here.

*Josè.*

At last, then, my fury

Finds its object here,

And blood must flow in torrents

Ere it disappear.

*Both.*

Guard yourself, make ready,

'Tis a fight for life

And now for swift thrusts

Of the deadly knife.

[*Combats*

### FINALE.

[*During the combat ESCAMILLO stands on the defensive. Suddenly he misses his footing, and falls to the ground. CARMEN, DANCAIRO, and the rest of the smugglers have returned on hearing the report of JOSÈ's gun, and, just as JOSÈ is about to plunge his dagger in the breast of ESCAMILLO, his arm is seized by CARMEN.*

*Carmen.* Hola! hola! Josè!

*Escamillo.* Ah! my soul is delighted;

Aided by thee, Carmen, at last my love's requited!

Señor Soldier, as for you,

Just now our game stands even; the conq'ring game  
we'll play

Whene'er you wish the combat to renew.

*Dancairo.* Let's have no more fighting to-day!

At once we must depart;—brave Toreador, good-night!

*Escamillo.* One word permit me, ere I depart from your sight.  
 I all of you invite to the bull-fight at Seville.  
 I promise, for my part, my best I there will do ;  
 They who love me will come. (*To JOSÈ.*) My friend,  
 pray keep yourself still !

I have only now to say to all, adieu !

*Josè (to CARMEN).* Take care. Ah ! too much have I borne !

*Dancairo.* We must depart, 'twill soon be morn.

*Remendado.* Halt ! Someone is hiding there, playing the spy !

[*Smugglers bring MICAELA from her hiding-place*

*Carmen.* 'Tis a woman.

*Dancairo.* Ha, ha ! an agreeable surprise.

*Josè.* Micaela ! foolish girl ; why hast thou ventured here ?

*Micaela.* Josè ! To seek thee I came.

There is a cottage lowly,  
 Where, throughout the livelong day,  
 A mother, pure and holy,  
 For her child doth, weeping, pray.  
 There she calls for thee, my brother,  
 And extends her weak arms tow'rds thee.  
 Ah, take pity on thy mother ;  
 Return, return to her with me !

*Carmen.* Yes, to depart the best would be—  
 A smuggler's life will ne'er suit thee.  
 Yes, start without delay.

*Josè.* To depart, thou dost bid me ?  
 So that thou, while I am away,  
 With my rival off may fly ?  
 Ah, no ! Not I !  
 My last word is spoken—  
 I will not quit thy side ;  
 And our chain shall be unbroken  
 Until death its links divide.

*Micaela.* Oh, listen unto me, pray—oh, list, for thy mother's  
 sake,  
 And the chain that binds thee to-day, break—for ever  
 break.

*Remendado.* 'Twill be dangerous here to stay, Josè ; our counsel  
 now take,  
 For the chain that binds thee to-day thine own death  
 may swiftly break.

*Josè.* Say no more—I'm prepared for the worst.  
 Ah ! thou art mine, woman accurst !  
 Thou art mine, I still am thine !  
 Vainly false hopes thou hast nursed ;  
 Thy fate shall be linked with mine.

*Micaela.* But one word more I crave, and my last it shall be.  
 Thy mother is dying, alas ! far from thee,  
 And longs her loving hand on thy forehead to lay.



*Josè.* My mother! Say'st thou she's dying?

*Micaela.* Yes, dear *Josè*.

*Josè.* Away! let's away!

(*To CARMEN.*) Be content, I go; but—I'll meet  
one day.

*Escamillo* (*departing*). "Toreador, now guard thee!  
Bear thou in mind, when combat thee elates,  
Bright eyes fondly regard thee,  
For thee a fond heart waits!"

## ACT IV.

**SCENE.**—*A street in Seville, outside the Plaza de Toros. The entrance to the circus is closed by a large curtain. The populace are waiting to see the procession of the Toreros, officials, &c. Sellers of ice, oranges, fans, &c., offer their wares. Amongst the crowd are CARMEN, FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, and ZUNIGA. JOSÈ is occasionally seen.*

*Chorus.* Come and buy now, come and buy now,  
Fans that will keep the heat away;  
Oranges, gather'd yesterday;  
Programmes—quite correct, you may bet;  
Bright wine? Fresh ice? A cigarette?

*Zuniga.* Bring me oranges, quick.

*Chorus.* Here they are; pray take your choice, señoras.  
Best thanks, brave captain.

Try our oranges, señor; they're finer.

*Zuniga.* Hola! Bring here some fans.

*Chorus.* Noble señor, buy a lorgnette?

*Chorus of Boys.* Here they come—see! first the quadrille comes!  
Here they come, no longer delaying—  
The quadrille of the Toreros.  
On their lances sunbeams are playing.  
Take off bonnets and sombreros.

See, afraid of our reproaches,  
Marching solemnly alone,  
The ugly Alguazil approaches.  
Give the Alguazil a groan!

Now with marks of welcome and cheering,  
Greet yonder brave Chulos, ever unfearing.  
Bravo, bravo, Chulos!  
Behold the Banderillos!  
See how conceitedly they're prancing.



Behold the sparkle of the sunbeams bright  
 Upon their gold embroidery glancing.  
 Behold ! they march, apparell'd for the fight,  
 The splendid Banderillo !

Another quadrille now advances.  
 Behold the Picadors ! how bright and fierce !  
 Their lances soon the bull's dark sides will pierce.

*Enter ESCAMILLO.*

Escamillo ! Escamillo ! th'Espada ;  
 'Tis the Espada of Granada ;  
 His fatal thrust comes last of all.  
 Ne'er was seen such a brave Espada,  
 When he strikes, the bull must fall.

*Escamillo (to CARMEN).* If thou lov'st me, Carmen, thou shalt  
 smile by-and-by ;

Thou shalt be proud of me, if thou lov'st me.

*Carmen.* Escamillo, I love thee ! I am ready to die  
 If e'er before I've loved, as I love thee.

*ESCAMILLO enters the circus.*

*Chorus.* Room for the Señor Alcalde !

*Frasquito.* Carmen, take my advice, no longer here remain.

*Carmen.* And why not, may I ask ?

*Mercedes.* He is there.

*Carmen.* But whom ?

*Mercedes.* He ! José ! In the crowd he was hidden. See there.

*Carmen.* Yes, I can see him.

*Frasquito.* Beware !

*Carmen.* I am not so weak as to fear José.

Here I'll wait—he shall hear what I'll say.

*Mercedes.* Carmen, take care. Beware !

*Carmen.* I have no fear.

*[Exeunt into the circus all but CARMEN and JOSE.]*

*Carmen.* 'Tis thou ?

*Josè.* 'Tis I.

*Carmen.* The news was brought to me

That thou wert lurking nigh, yet here I still remain.

I was warned that my life's in danger from thee.

But I am brave, and to fly I disdain.

DUET AND FINAL CHORUS.

*Josè.* No menace do I make ; but listen, I implore thee.

The hateful past forgot, let tender thoughts steal o'er  
 thee ;

Come ! far from hence we'll fly !

A bright future smiles before thee,

Smiles beneath a purer sky

*Carmen.* Why ask what I must deny ?

Carmen is truthful as of yore,  
Her lips would scorn to tell a lie.  
'Twixt her and thee, all now is o'er.  
These lips have never lied !  
Betwixt us, all is o'er.

*Josè.* Carmen, swift the time is fleeting ;  
Fly with me ; hear my entreating.  
Ah ! let me save thee ! fly with me  
Through the world I'd fly with thee.

*Carmen.* No ! my last hour is fast nearing,  
I know well my life thou wilt take ;  
But death I'll meet with glance unfearing,  
—No other answer will I make.  
Ah, why dost thou thus implore  
A heart that beats not for thee ?  
In vain thou say'st " I thee adore ;"  
No response will come from me.  
Ah, 'tis in vain !

*Josè.* Then thou lov'st me no more ?

*Carmen.* No. I love thee no more.

*Josè.* This heart, that beats with wild emotion,  
Adores thee still, with fond devotion.

*Carmen.* Why weakly thus repeat words thou hast said before ?

*Josè.* Alas ! Carmen, I thee adore,  
And now, to please thee, I am willing  
A bandit to remain, and to be all thou wilt.  
All ! Dost thou hear me ? All ! Be mine alone the  
guilt.  
But, ah ! forsake me not, O my Carmen !  
Recall the past, and love shall smile again,  
Our souls with rapture filling !  
Ah ! do not from me fly.

*Carmen.* Carmen no fetters shall tie ;  
Free she was born, and free will she die.

*Chorus (in the circus).* Viva ! A fight full of glory !  
Viva ! Round the circus gory  
Flies the bull, he madly is rushing ;  
Behold ! pierced by many a dart,  
From his flanks the red streams are gushing.  
Take good aim now, strike to the heart !  
Victoria ! Victoria !

*Josè.* Whither now ?

*Carmen.* Let me pass.

*Josè.* These cheers for him are given, to whom thou'rt mistress  
now.

*Carmen.* Let me pass, let me pass.

*Josè.* No, by Heaven ! thou shalt not pass, Carmen, but thou  
shalt follow me.

*Carmen.* Let me pass, Josè—I will not follow thee.

*Josè.* This lover thou dost seek, say, dost thou love him?

*Carmen.* I love him. In the face of death, with my latest breath I will love him.

*Chorus (in the circus).* "Viva! 'Tis a sight," &c.

*Josè.* And so, all my hopes of salvation,  
All, all I've imperilled for thee;  
And thou wilt, without hesitation,  
Locked in his arms, make sport of me.  
No, by Heaven! it shall not be,  
Carmen; thou now must follow me.

*Carmen.* No! No! No!

*Josè.* I am weary of threats, alas!

*Carmen.* Well then, stab me at once, or let me freely pass.

*Josè.* Before I give the fatal blow, say, wilt thou follow me?

*Carmen.* No! No! Here's thy ring—my death is nigh—  
Be this my last reply.

Take it! *[Throws the ring at his feet.]*

*Josè.* Accurst one, die! *[Stabs her.]*

*Chorus (in the circus).* "Toreador now guard thee!  
Bear thou in mind, when combat thee elates,  
Bright eyes fondly regard thee;  
For thee a fond heart waits!"

*Enter ESCAMILLO and Chorus.*

*Josè.* Sirs, your pris'ner am I—by me her life was taken.

*[Throws himself on the corpse of CARMEN.]*

Ah Carmen! lov'd Carmen! alas! no more thou'lt waken!

END OF THE OPERA.

